

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. X.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

NO. 36.

Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

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STOVES, TINWARE,

AND

Agricultural Implements,

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order and repairing of all kinds promptly at-
tended to.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 17, 1877.

Select Poetry.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR DEBATE DAY BY M. A. D.
CLIFTON.

"An old Virginian who lost four sons dur-
ing the war, two in the Northern and two in
the Southern armies, buried them side by side,
and on the monument, under their names,
placed the following inscription:

"God knows who was right."

[Extract from an article recently published.]

I never have decided, sir, the question of the
war,
I only know that I've no sons, where once I
equaled four.
For two went gaily with the Blue, and two
went with the Gray,
But none came back to me again of all who
went away.

Oh! if the war was hard for those whose sons
were on one side,
Think what it must have been for me who saw
my boys divide;
For each was noble, brave and true, and
though they differed so,
'Twas that they looked at different sides, as
all things have to know.

How could I choose between them, sir, the
Gray and Blue both dear,
Do we not love the wintry sky so gray and
still, and near,
That bending o'er the cradled earth with ten-
der, loving care,
Wraps in her mantle Autumn's child, which
else were lone and bare!

Do we not love the sky of blue, that laughs
and frowns all day,
That smiling gladdens all the earth, then
frowning turns away,
Till all the waving fields grow sad, and bend
their bright heads low,
Till she, with sudden burst of light, makes all
their tenebrous glow!

So with a love as broad as heaven, o'erlooking
petty spite,
I loved my boys, content to know that "God
knows who was right."
And North and South I gathered them, when
all the war was through,
And laid the brothers down to sleep, the Gray
beside the Blue.

Yes, here they lie, the boys I loved with all a
father's pride;
Oft in their youth I've watched them sleep,
thus lying side by side,
But never sleeps so long, nor watches
waited so,
Save those who watch while those who sleep,
feel neither sun nor snow.

And sir, when men have died to seal the
plighted faith they gave,
The reverence of fellow-men should hallow
every grave,
And truth and charity should fling their ban-
ners to the light,
Above the silent Blue and Gray, for "God
knows who was right."

Select Story.

TWO MINUTES TOO LATE.

With his good-bye ringing in her
ears, Drucie Miller re-entered the lit-
tle telegraph office and dropped into
the chair before the clicking instru-
ment. Glancing at the clock above
her head, she noticed that it was almost
time for her to close the office for the
night, and seek her humble home at
the foot of one of the darkened streets
of the village. The rumbling of the
train that had just left the station was
growing fainter, and the girl listened to
it as though it was the voice of a
friend who was leaving her for a long
time.

She did not expect any more mes-
sages that night; the engine breathing
heavily from its great iron lungs on
the track near her window would not
move until the night express had moved
up, and the engineer, knowing this,
had sought his sweetheart, who lived
in the village.

Tom Gray, the engineer of the train
just departed, was Drucie's lover, and
his intimate friends knew when the
wedding was to take place. He had
not known her long, but that did not
matter, since he was a true fellow, who
loved her with all his heart, and with
all her's she loved him.

The rumble of the train at length
died away, and Drucie was about to
shut off the current and leave the office
when a message began to fall upon her
ears.

She started, for the first word drove
the color from her cheeks, and stand-
ing before the instrument she heard this
message:

"Number ten switch at Colby till
number six passes. Six just starting!"
"Six just starting! My God! They
will meet!" cried the beautiful opera-
tor, starting from the table. "What
can I do to save him—then!"

And with her eyes staring at the
clock she stood in the center of the
room, thinking of the two trains ap-
proaching each other through the mist
that almost hid the moon.

The real situation, enough to blanch
a young girl's cheek, was appalling.

The order for the train which had
just left Fletcher to switch at Colby
could not be obeyed now, for there was
no night office at Colby. It was an
unusual matter for six to leave Fort
Wayne before the arrival of number
ten; but as the latter train was some
twelve minutes behind time on that
particular night, six, anxious to leave
on time to save its connections, tele-
graphed to Fletcher the message which
had so started Drucie Miller. From
Fletcher to a point four miles below
Colby, the company had completed a
double track, which, when finished to
Fort Wayne, would obviate the trouble
of switching and prevent accidents.

When Drucie recovered her self-
possession, she started from the office
with a message in her hand. It had
arrived just two minutes too late, and
Tom Gray, unconscious of its existence,
was driving his engine ahead and
thinking of the girl he had lately kissed

adieu. He knew that it was known
in Fort Wayne that he was unavoid-
ably behind time, and thought that
according to custom the express wait-
ing there would not move until he
arrived.

But let us return to Drucie Miller.
She saw the freight engine standing
on the new track already mentioned,
and caught a glimpse of the young
fireman asleep on his box.

A determined resolution entered her
head, and the next moment she was in
the engine-room with her hand on the
boy's shoulder.

"Thank you, Miss Drucie!" said the
boy, rousing himself with a yawn.

"Laws a mercy!"

"Get out and uncouple that freight!"
cried she. "Tom's moved out, and if
he doesn't switch off at Colby every-
body will be killed. We must catch
him!"

The boy, with a cry of horror, left
the engine, and a minute later the
freight cars were standing idly on the
track, while the engine and its tender
were moving out, gaining momentum
at each revolution of the wheel.

"What'll Dick say when he comes
back and finds his engine gone?" said
the boy, looking into Drucie's face.

"What do we care what he says! What
is Dick's life to the precious
lives on two trains? Jim, how fast
can this engine travel?"

"About two miles a minute!" the
boy answered, with a smile. "She's
the swiftest bird on the road. But I
don't think we can catch number ten;
we might if we had Dick with us. He
knows how to manage the Belle."

"And so do I. Wood up, Jim!—
Fill the furnace chuck full. We must
catch Tom this side of the track's ter-
minus, or—"

The girl paused and looked at the
pale boy.

"Or what, Miss Drucie?"

"Or blow up!"

"That's what's the matter!" said
Jim, catching her spirit. "And we'll
catch him, too! Wood! wood! There,
the furnace is chuck full. Golly—
whiz! how we are going!"

Drucie smiled faintly at the boy,
and noted the hand of the gauge. The
engine had received new momentum
which momentarily increased and all
at once Jim, who had been trying to
pierce the haze, said:

"Two miles a minute, I'll bet Miss
Drucie. If it was daylight the tele-
graph poles would resemble a fine-
tooth comb."

But the girl did not reply. She
stood before the lever, wishing that
she could urge the engine to greater
speed. She had calculated that the
two trains would meet in a gulch that
embraced the curve about six miles
below Colby. It was a terrible place
for a collision, and the loss of life there
would be great. The haze or mist
would prevent the engineers from sig-
naling each other, and the collision
was inevitable.

The engine, which seemed to have
broken loose, rushed madly on, with
Jim looking at Drucie, whom he was
inclined to believe mad. The cold
mist, slowly turning to a drizzle, was
occasionally blown against his face by
the wind; it served to cool his heated
temples, and to make him think calmly
of his situation and the folks at home.

So fast were they moving, that they
seemed to glide over the rails, scarcely
touching them in the mad career, and
when Drucie told Jim to listen for the
sound of Tom's train ahead, the boy
poked his head out of the window and
held his breath.

"Pears to me I hear a sound," he
said, without turning his head. "Mebbe
I'm mistaken—so many things 'pear
to me just now."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the girl.
"Listen with all your might, Jim. Oh,
for the speed of a bullet!"

Her face was glowing with heat, and
while Jim listened she opened the fur-
nace door and threw in the last sticks
of wood they possessed.

"The wood is gone, Jim. How far
yet can we go at this rate of speed?"

"About fifteen miles," the boy an-
swered—"twenty of 'em if we must do it."

"Then we'll catch him. Colby must
be nine miles away yet, and the gulch
is six miles further on—fifteen miles.
Jim, can't you hear him yet?"

"No. Guess I was mistaken awhile
back," the boy said, and Drucie's
countenance fell.

"There's the sound again!" he ex-
claimed, a minute later. "Listen for
yourself, girl."

Drucie went to the window and put
her head out.

"That's Tom!" she cried. "Oh,
heaven, let me save him and all the
other precious lives to-night!"

With this prayer she turned to the
furnace again and smiled at the red-
hot door. The engine and its empty
tender seemed to fly over the track,
and when Drucie looked at Jim again
she found him standing at the gauge.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked.
He came forward with hand extend-
ed toward the little instrument.

"A little more fire and we'll blow
up!" he gasped.

"Tom would hear the explosion and
stop his train. That might prevent
the collision!" was Drucie's reply.

It was now evident that the sound
ahead was that of Tom Gray's train,
and the girl prepared to warn her
lover of his danger. The tracks were
quite close, and she told the fire boy
to watch the machinery while she at-
tended to that part of the warning
work which she had allotted to her-
self.

With pallid face and almost throbb-
ing heart she took her station at the
window, heeding not the drizzling rain
that beat into her face, and awaited the
decisive moment.

The sound of the train on the other
track grew momentarily more distinct,
and the daring girl fancied that she
heard number six coming through the
valley below Colby.

"Yes, it's Tom!" she cried to en-
courage the boy at the lever. "I see
his light. Now!"

Then she leaned out the window
and shouted at the top of her voice:
"Switch at Colby! Switch at Colby!
Colby, six! Colby, six!"

Many times she repeated her cry,
and all at once she dashed by the
heavy train.

Right into her lover's face as he
leaned from his engine she shouted.
"Switch at Colby!" and heard the
shrieks that told her he would obey.

"Saved! saved, Jim!" she cried with
joy, turning upon the breathless boy
who was already checking the Belle's
speed.

"Golly—whiz! Drucie, they ought
to give us a train!" he said, laughing.
"If we can ever stop the Belle, we'll
go back; but the girl's got her spunk
up and would run for ever."

Drucie Miller returned to the win-
dow with a heart full of thankfulness,
for Tom had heard, and already was
running on the switch at Colby.

After a while the Belle was got un-
der control and backed with lessened
fires.

"Listen!" suddenly cried Jim.

"Yes, number six is coming; but
we don't fear her now!" said Drucie,
with a smile. Tom and his passengers
were safe on the switch."

The next moment number six dash-
ed by, and Drucie laughed and ac-
tually clapped her hands.

The meeting between Tom Gray
and his love cannot be described.

"Your head-light seemed a meteor,"
he said to her; "and I knew your
voice—I don't know why. I guess
you made the time coming down."

"Time!" cried Jim; "I don't think
the wheels touched the rails more'n
half the time. If it had been day, the
mile-stones would have looked like a
rake."

There was a laugh at the boy's ex-
aggeration, and when Tom took Drucie
aside he kissed her.

It was not the only kiss she got that
night, for all the women on the train
kissed the girl who had saved their
lives, and Tom Gray said he wouldn't
get jealous when the mustached pas-
sengers bent over Drucie, blushing
like a rose.

The story of Drucie's feat crept into
the papers, and though my story may
be old to some of my readers, I have
told it because I believe it will bear
repetition.

Dick Lambert forgave Drucie for
running away with his engine, and
Jim, the fire boy, never grows weary
of telling about that "run."

Tom Gray is still on the road, but
Drucie does not listen to the click-
click of the sounder any more. Every
night at 8 she holds a little boy up
to the window, and he cries "papa!"
and claps his little hands as the engine
dashes by.

During the late war between Serbia
and Turkey it so happened that some
of the lady-nurses and their staff, as
well as some special correspondents
and medical men, fell somehow within
the jurisdiction of a Turkish Pasha.
They were naturally anxious to ex-
plain to this dignitary that they were
non-combatants, and entitled to pro-
tection. They deputed a very well-
known special correspondent, with a
person who professed to be a Turkish
interpreter, to wait upon the Pasha to
make explanations. The correspond-
ent found himself not wholly without
emotion in the awful presence of the
Pasha. The interpreter tried to begin
the explanation, but very soon stam-
mered in his Turkish, and seemed un-
able to get on. The correspondent
tried to come to his assistance, but, be-
ing much weaker in his Turkish than
even the interpreter, was unable to get
beyond a few words, and soon broke
down completely. The Pasha made a
sign as if to interrupt them, and the
correspondent waited in much excite-
ment. Then the Pasha said: "Ah,
then, you can speak to me in English!
I was born in the beautiful city of
Cork!"

"Lecture on 'Fools'—Admit one,"
was the inscription on a card of admis-
sion to a discourse by a Western clergy-
man the other evening.

Webster and the Apple- Thief.

Many—many years ago, there lived
a fine old gentleman whose name was
Mr. Noah Webster. Though very
simple and unassuming in his manners,
yet he was not without his parts, for
he could discount any schoolmaster in
the country at spelling, and beat him
two to one on definitions.

If Mr. Webster ever felt any pride
over his numerous victories he never
allowed himself to show it in conversa-
tion or otherwise; for, instead of loaf-
ing about the streets and blowing about
his attainments, he remained at home
and worked on his little farm—except
when it rained; then he would go into
a back room where he had a work-
bench and some tools, and made spell-
ing books, but he never was idle.

One day, as he was hammering away
noisily at his bench, filling out a large
bill of spellers for the Massachusetts
legislature, Mrs. Webster came to the
door, and said:

"Noah, that child of sin, Arthur
Kale, is in our apple tree again. Had
thee not better go out and send him
on his way in mortification of the spirit,
and, if needs be, of the flesh?"

So Mr. Webster laid down his ham-
mer, put on his hat, and started for
the big apple tree back of the barn.

The youngster had got his pockets
and shirt-bosom well filled with early
harvest, and had slid part way down
the tree, when he espied Mr. Webster
close upon him.

Taking in the situation at a glance,
he saw that escape for the present was
impossible; so he started up the tree
again, resolved to outwit the old gen-
tleman by fair means or foul.

"Well—well!" said Mr. Webster.
"How's this? What did I tell you the
other day? You must come down
there, now, and give up those apples,
or I will give you a flogging—(defini-
tion); to beat, to strike, to shake up,
to knock down, to put a head on."

"I say, old chap, just whistle that
for me, won't yer?" replied the urchin;
and then pushing his tongue into his
cheek, he gently raised up his left eye-
lid, and anxiously inquired of Mr.
Webster if just the faintest tinge of
green could be discovered there.

"You little scallawag!" exclaimed
Mr. Webster. "Do you pretend to
have the cheek to buck against me
right on my own grounds, and upon
my own apple tree? If you can't come
down by special request, I'll try the
moral effect of grass."

So he pulled up a lot of grass, which
he pressed into balls and threw them
up in the tree. But this only made
the young Arab laugh the louder; and
he threw an apple-core at Mr. Webster,
which struck him in the eye and pained
him quite smartly.

"Hoity—toity!" exclaimed the old
gentleman, in a towering rage, and
dancing about. "Now, I'm right on—
you bet! (Definition): to lay a wager,
to put up the stakes, to do a thing for
money or marbles, to rope a flat in on
a sure thing, a put-up job."

And then pulling out a stout leath-
ern sling, he pelted the boy with rocks
with such telling effect that he was
fain to bawl out for mercy and for-
giveness.

"Tis well," said Mr. Webster; "come
down, give up the apples, and let this
be a lasting lesson to you never again
to steal. (Definition): to forage, to
confiscate, to lift things, to hook a
thing and get caught at it, to—"

But by this time the boy had got out
of hearing, so Mr. Webster wiped his
brow, and went back to work.

A COUNTRY BRIDE.—A few days ago
a young man with his bride came to
Chicago on their wedding journey and
located at the Sherman House. It was
apparent at first sight that they were
unused to city ways, but the bride was
so radiant with the fresh bloom that
country life and air alone can give,
that the groom was envied by all the
young men who make that hotel their
abiding place. The morning after their
arrival, the chambermaid visited the
young couple's room, at the uncon-
sionably early hour of 8 o'clock. A
"come in" answer her knock, and on
entering the room she found the bed
made up and in the neatest kind of
order. The chambermaid was aston-
ished to find all her work anticipated,
and proposed to sweep the room while
the young couple were in the dining-
room. "Why," was her answer, "we
had breakfast two hours ago." During
the stay of the couple, the chamber-
maid had no work to do in their room.
The revelation to the servant that a
woman in a hotel could do something
for herself was a strange one, and was
duly reported. The young men took
a deeper interest in the little lady who
knew how and was not afraid to "do
up" her own room, and the example
becoming contagious, infected the other
ladies in the hotel, much to the satis-
faction of the chambermaids.

Some men's only stock-in-trade are
their misfortunes. These they are al-
ways trying to force upon the market,
but they rarely ever find a purchaser.

Poverty is in want of much, but av-
arice of everything.

SAYING DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

No class of people can inflict such mar-
tyrdom on their associates as those who
are given to the habit of reminding
others of their failings and peculiarities.
You are never safe with such a
person. When you have done your
very best to please, and are feeling
kindly and pleasantly, out will pop
some bitter speech, some under hand
stab which you alone comprehend—a
sneer which is marked, but too well
aimed to be misunderstood. Only half
a dozen words, spoken merely because
he is afraid you are too happy or too
conceited, and ought to be "taken down
a peg." Yet they are worse than so
many blows. How many sleepless
nights have such mean attempts caused
tender-hearted persons! How, after
them, one awakes with aching eyes
and head, to remember that speech before
anything else—that bright, sharp, well-
aimed needle of a speech that probed
the very centre of your soul. There is
only one comfort to be taken. The
repetitions of such attacks soon wear
your heart from the attacker; and send
him on one, nothing he can say will ever
pain you more. While, as for him,
one friendship after another, mortally
stung by his sarcasm, dies, and he finds
himself at last alone and friendless—
as he deserves to be. Setting aside
the unkindness of the habit, and look-
ing at it in an entirely worldly point
of view, it does not pay to say disagree-
able things to those who love us, as
our ill-nature will, in the end, recoil
upon ourselves.

LOVE.—No Cornwall miner ever
sunk so deep a shaft beneath the sea
as Love will sink beneath the floatings
of the eyes. Love sees ten million
fathoms down, till dazzled by the floor
of pearls. The eye is Love's own magic
glass, where all that are not of earth
glide in supernatural light. There are
not so many fishes in the sea as there
are sweet images in lovers' eyes. In
those miraculous transparencies swim
the strange eye-fish with wings, that
sometimes leap out, instinct with joy;
moist fish-fins wet the lover's cheek.
Love's eyes are holy things; therein
the mysteries of life are lodged; look-
ing in each other's eyes, lovers see the
ultimate secret of the world; and with
thrills eternally untranslatable, feel
that Love is god of all. Man or wo-
man who has never loved, nor once
looked deep down into their own lover's
eyes, they know not the sweetest and
loftiest religion of this earth. Love is
the Creator's gospel to universal man-
kind; a volume bound in rose-leaves,
clashed with violets, and by the beaks
of humming-birds printed with peach-
juice on the leaves of lilies. Endless
is the account of love. Time and space
cannot contain Love's story. All things
that are sweet to see, or taste, or feel,
or hear, all these things are made by
Love; and none other things were
made by Love. Love made not the
Arctic zones, but Love is ever reclaim-
ing them. Say, are not the fierce
things of this earth daily, hourly going
out? Where now are your wolves of
Britain? Where in Virginia, now,
find you the panther and the pard?
Oh, Love is busy everywhere. Every-
where Love hath Moravian missionar-
ies. No propagandist like to Love.
The south wind wooes the barbarous
north; on many a distant shore the
gentler west winds persuades the arid
east.

WORLDLY WISDOM.—In vain does
man try to content himself with ma-
terial enjoyment; the soul recoils dis-
satisfied with its own pride, self-love
and ambition. But on the other hand,
what a miserable existence is that of
cold, calculating men, who deceive
themselves nearly as much as others,
and who repel the generous inspirations
which may be born in the hearts, as a
disease of imagination which needs to
be dissipated to the air. What a poor
existence also is that of men, who not
satisfied with doing evil, treat as folly
the source of those beautiful actions,
those great thoughts. They confine
themselves in a tenacious mediocrity;
they condemn themselves to that mo-
notony of ideas, to that coldness of sen-
timent, which let the days go by with-
out drawing from them either fruit,
progress, or remembrances; and if
time does not wrinkle their features,
what marks would they retain of its
passage? If they had not to grow old
and die, what serious reflections would
ever enter their minds?

The poor day laborer, who earns
with horny hands and sweat of brow,
coarse food for a wife and child whom
he loves, is raised by his generous mo-
tive to true dignity, and though want-
ing the refinements of life, is a nobler
being than those who think themselves
abolved by wealth from serving oth-
ers. It is worthy of note that the men
and women who think most highly of
themselves and most meanly of others,
are those who render back to society
for the good things they enjoy, the
smallest return of personal effort.

The value of recovered goods stolen
during the riot in Pittsburgh is over
\$50,000.

The Story of a Nose.

M. Arago, the French statesman and
nephew of the astronomer, is, in spite
of his 65 years, a very handsome man.
He has a large nose of which he is
somewhat proud. A short time ago
he was traveling by train to Versail-
les, when a child, who was in the same
carriage, who had watched Arago for
some time with dilated eyes, began to
cry. In vain did the child's mother,
Arago, and another senator, endeavor
to calm the perturbed juvenile. The
poor mother was in despair, and, as
the shrieks grew more and more pierc-
ing, Arago felt bound to interfere and
see what he could do.

He said to the child, "What ails you,
my dear? Are you afraid of me? I
don't look very naughty do I? Thus
addressed the child sobbed out, "Take
off your nose." Arago looked at the
mother, who grew very confused, and
said, "Ah monsieur! excuse me; ex-
cuse my son." "But madame," said
Arago

